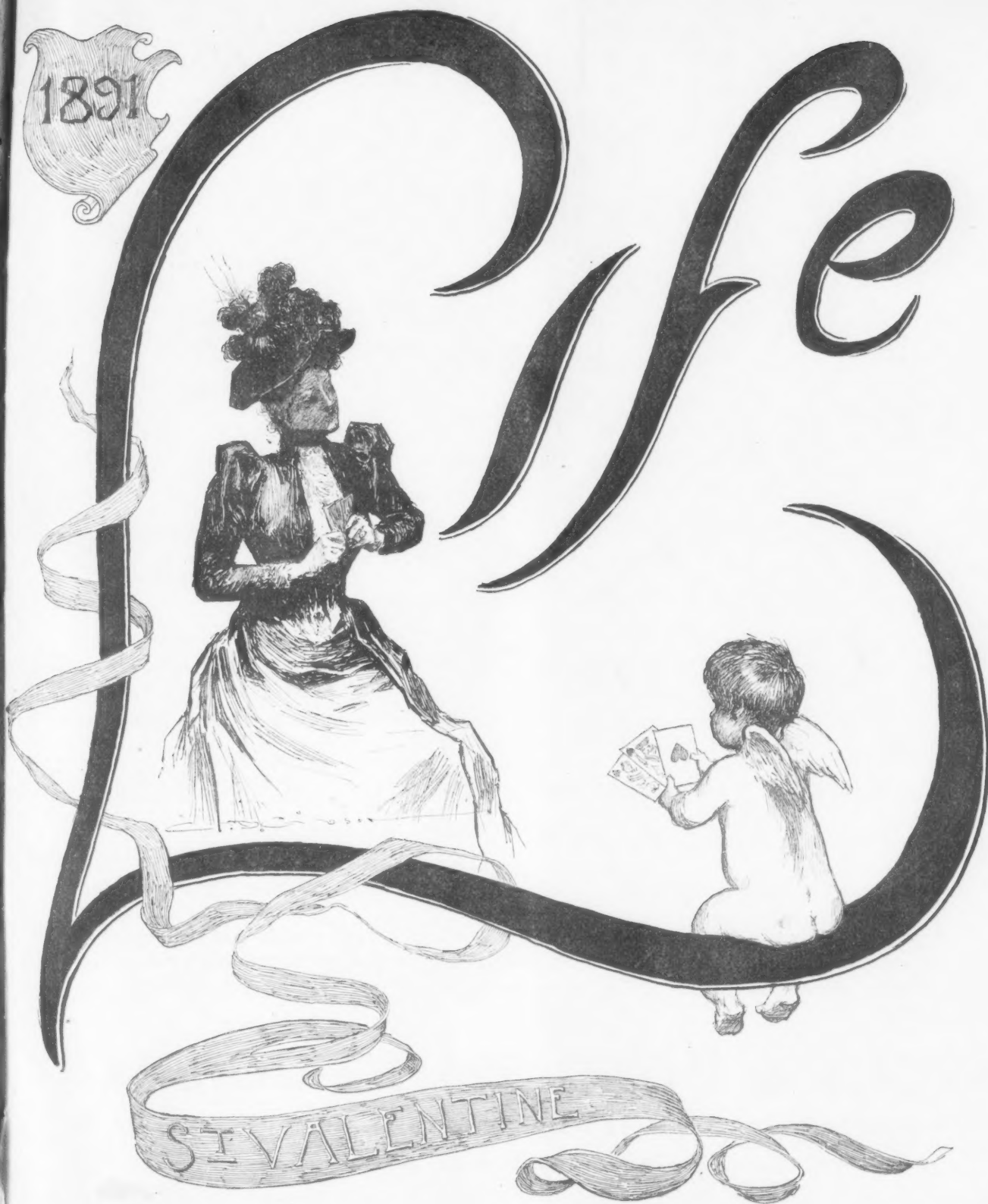


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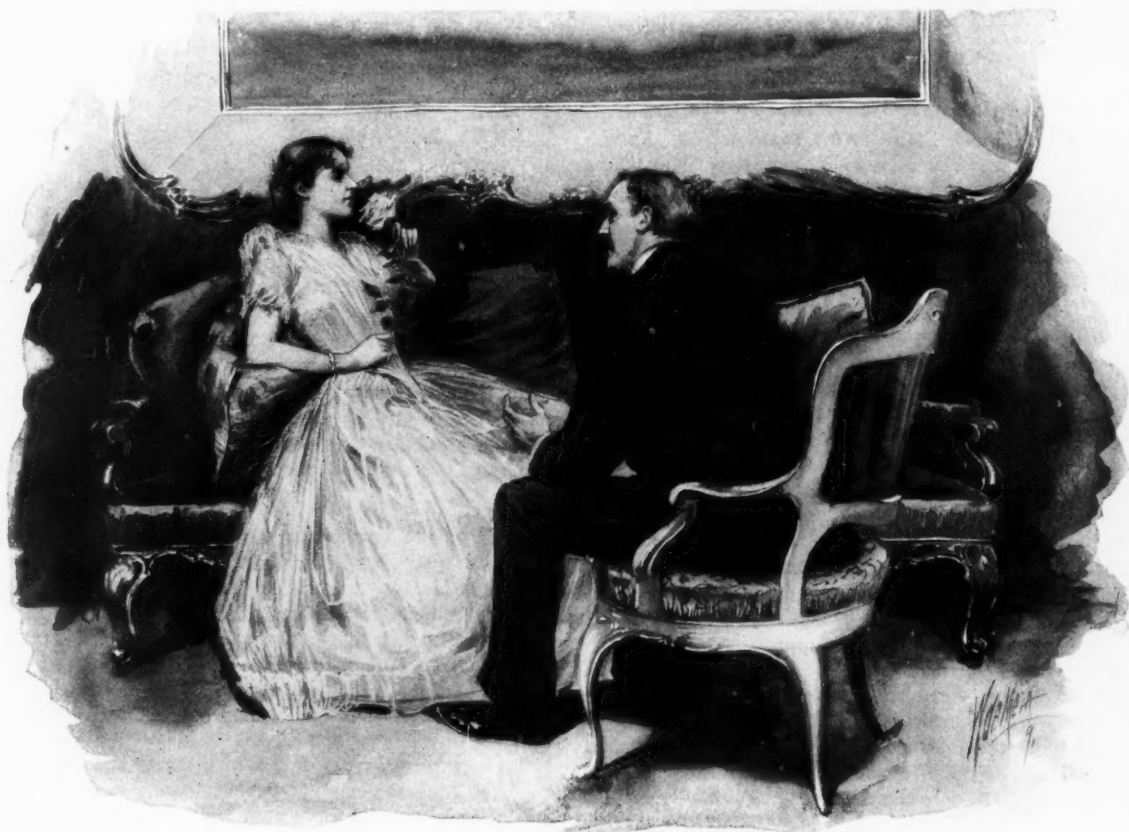
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HE KNOWS THEM.

She: I'M AWFULLY HOMELY. AND YOU THINK SO, TOO!

He: I BELIEVE THAT WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT IS TRUE. WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT,—NOT WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT IT.

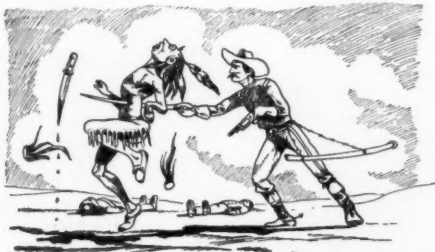
NO LONGER PROTECTED.

HE: You don't seem to skate so often this winter as you used to, Miss Turner.

SHE: No. The fact is, since bustles went out I have been rather afraid of going on the ice.

IT is said that a hair-cut in Philadelphia will excite more interest than a murder in New York.

THE ram has a great head for business.



WINTER DRIVING-NOTE.

"CAPTAIN SMITH RUDELY DROVE HIS CUTTER RIGHT THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE SLAVING PARTY AND COMPLETELY BROKE UP ITS ARRANGEMENTS."

TOO MANY NEGATIVES.

"NO, Mr. Van Dusen," said the proud young Boston beauty, as she flashed her glorious orbs upon him, "I shall never allow no man to hug me."

And Mr. Van Dusen promptly folded her to his arms.

IT is well to remember that while the only good Indian may be a dead one, he is not necessarily a starved one.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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A CURIOUS international episode came to a head the other day in the president's room of the Nevada Bank, when John W. Mackay smote upon the face of Charles Bonyng with his fist. There is a sort of brutal manliness about fist-fighting, and there are reasons why decent people ought to be thankful to see it introduced into a quarrel, which, if rumor is to be trusted, had been conducted up to that point by methods so treacherous and underhand as to be nauseating. The story of the Mackay-Bonyng feud, as the newspapers have told it, may not be accurately true, but it has an air of veracity about it, and is generally believed. It is a story of the rivalry of two American women in London—a dirty, low, vulgar story of mean ambition, hatred, envy and revenge, garnished with details of slanders, private detective work, anonymous letters, and every sort of back-handed thrust that malignity could devise and money procure. That such a fight as the Bonyngs and the Mackays seem to have carried on should come to blows between the men is great good luck. Not only is the nature of the whole quarrel raised thereby, but there is a possibility that the social prestige of all the parties to the fight may be damaged enough by it to make the feud of value as a warning. If Mrs. Mackay should finally succeed in making London too hot for Mrs. Bonyng, and Mrs. Bonyng's malice should avail to drive Mrs. Mackay out of Europe, would not that on the whole be a result at which plain Americans might smile with reasonable satisfaction?

THERE are some drawbacks about the Republican form of government as we see it in the middle of Mr. Harrison's administration, but then again there are some very good points about it. It is a slow business to make good laws, and some fail to get made. But making bad laws is a slow business, too, and some of them slip up also. The McKinley bill and the Dependent Pension bill got through, and the Silver bill, limited; but the Force bill has not passed yet, and between the Capitol and the White House the unlimited Silver bill bids fair to be throttled. When so much

maniac legislation is in the air, it is a comfort to have small majorities in both Senate and House, so that the side with sense on it may hope at any time to make converts enough to win with.

AT the instigation of the State Board of Charities, the State of New York lately assumed the care of all its insane people, and appointed three commissioners to look after them, subject to visitation and inspection from the said Board of Charities. Now the Lunacy Commission thinks that it can take perfectly good care of the insane without any visits of inspection from the Board, and wants the Legislature to give it the exclusive right to inspect asylums,

But if the Legislature knows itself, it will do nothing of the sort. It is hard to give the insane too much protection. To have one lot of men take care of them, and a totally different lot of men observe what care they get is not a bit too much.

ONE of the worriments our contemporary, the New York Sun, has in the Hamilton case, touches the interment of Mr. Hamilton's alleged remains in the wilds of distant Wyoming. It has been said that Hamilton had expressed a wish to be buried there, but the Sun sniffs at that suggestion, observing:

"Why, Mr. Hamilton, after staying only a few weeks in a remote and inaccessible spot, should have expressed a wish to be buried there, is still a subject for reflection."

Doubtless there are people who prefer to be buried in a well-kept cemetery, and of course, there are many who have a prejudice in favor of consecrated ground. But there are plenty of others who do not care at all where they are buried and not a few who would rather have an acre or a square mile of land to themselves, than to be mewed up in a churchyard. That Ray Hamilton should have had a whim about being buried at a comfortable distance from polite society, would not have been surprising. He was not a commonplace man, or one who had much regard for conventionality. The preference attributed to him, if it was really his, is no more surprising than that expressed by Mr. R. L. Stephenson in the lines:—

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly I lived and gladly die,
And lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me,
"Here he lies where he longed to be."
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

These sentiments were not more remarkable, nor fitter for reflection in Mr. Hamilton than in Mr. Stephenson.



A TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Druggist: WELL, MY LITTLE LADY, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

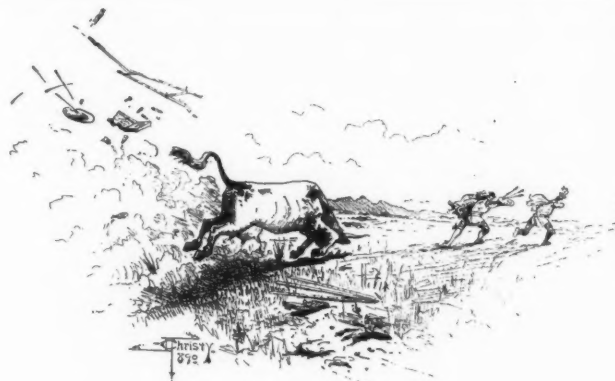
L. L.: OUR FELLERS HAS ALL GONE BACK ON US AND DIDN'T SEND US NO VALENTINES, AND WE WANT TER KNOW HOW MUCH A POUND IS YOUR DEADLIEST PIZEN, FOR WE DON'T CARE ABOUT LIVIN' NO LONGER!

A VALENTINE.

TO send a heart as others do,
I know is fitting at this season;
And I would gladly send one too,
Except for one important reason.

For even if I surely knew
That if I did I would repent it,
I would to-day send mine to you,
If I had not—already sent it.

James G. Burnett.



"AFTER THE OLD MASTERS."



A SELECT AFFAIR.

IT is a pretty hard joke on the working man, but it shows the officers of the Metropolitan Museum have an active sense of humor.

Although this hospitable building is closed against the public on Sunday, it is always open on that day to a favored few. All the officers of the institution, fellows, founders, etc., are admitted with their friends and families by special cards. But the public, the working people, those who most need it and can only come on this day, are they also admitted by special card?

Oh, no! They are told, with all the emphasis that a front door can give, to go to the devil and mind their own business. And while this is done from a deep religious motive, the favored ones are strolling about inside with plenty of elbow room enjoying the works of art. They have it all to themselves. What fun it must be! And what a hilarious joke on the crowd outside who are excluded by the religious principles of the trustees!



THE FIRST MEETING.



THE SERENADE.



POLICE COURT DRAMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUDGE REILLY O'DIVVER—A saloon-keeping, Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic appointee of a saloon-backing, Irish, Catholic, Tammany Democratic Mayor.

JERRY MCGUIRK—An Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic clerk of the court, appointed by Judge O'Divver. Mr. McGuirk hopes to realize enough from the position to set up a saloon of his own.

JUSTICE—Who has nothing to do with the case.
BAILIFFS, COPPERS, BUMS, *et al.*

HIS HONOR (*sotto voce*): Mr. McGuirk, I'm not feelin' well this mornin', owin' to the festivities at Alderman Rourke's openin' last night. Plaze step over to McCarty's and get a pint of rye and put it under the desk where it will be within easy reach. (*Aloud.*) Furrust case.

POLICEMAN DENNIS: Sidney Goelet, corner loafing and resisting arrest.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat have you to say, prisoner?

THE PRISONER: What's the use of saying anything. I stopped to give a man a light when this fellow ordered me to move on. Because I waited to have my cigar handed back he hit me on the head with his night stick. I tried to get a look at his number, but before I could succeed he clubbed me into unconsciousness and dragged me to the station-house.

HIS HONOR: Ten dollars fine on each charge. Next case.

DETECTIVE RAFFERTY: Victor Garçon, selling wine after one o'clock at the Italian Ball.

THE PRISONER: Mon dieu, Monsieur, zat is not ze trut'. He make ze arrest because I not give him one dollar on every bottle I sell. Ze people will not pay more zan six dollars ze bottle, and Koster an'

Bial charge five dollars, so if I give him one dollar I have nussing for myself.

HIS HONOR (*sotto voce*): Mr. McGuirk, was that Koster & Bial's ball?

THE CLERK: Yes, your Honor.

HIS HONOR (*aside to the detective*): I'm sorry, Rafferty, but I've got to let this waiter go. Them's the instructions. Run him in on some other charge and I'll fix him for you. (*Aloud.*) Prisoner, you're discharged. Next case.

POLICEMAN FERGUSON: Helen Johnson. Disorderly conduct.

THE PRISONER: It is not true, your honor. My husband was taken ill about midnight, and our servant had left us and I was obliged to go to the drug store alone. This man accosted me—

HIS HONOR: Ten days on the Island. Next case.

POLICEMAN X.: Jerry Thug, hack driver. Arrested on a warrant for violating the city ordinance.

HIS HONOR: Who's the complainant?

A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN: I am, your honor. I came in on a late train and engaged this man to drive me from the Grand Central Depot to my residence on Fifth avenue near Forty-first street. When I got out of the cab he demanded five dollars, threatening violence if I did not pay. A policeman came along but refused to interfere.

HIS HONOR: You'd better withdraw the complaint. These boys has got to live, you know.

THE COMPLAINANT: No, sir; I refuse to withdraw the complaint.

THE CLERK (*sotto voce*): That's one of Commissioner Grogan's rigs that Jerry drives.

HIS HONOR: Discharged. Next case.

THE CLERK: No more to-day

HIS HONOR: Anybody havin' business with the Court will step up to the desk.

WOMAN WITH BABY IN HER ARMS: Your Honor I want to get the bar-tender in Alderman O'Neill's saloon arrested. He struck my husband in the head with a gas-pipe and for the last two weeks he hasn't been able to work.

HIS HONOR: In Alderman O'Neill's, is it?

THE WOMAN: Yes.

HIS HONOR: You'd better see Mr. O'Neill furrust. He's a fine man and he'll make it all right.



THE DANCE.



"NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."



THE PROPOSAL.



THE ORDEAL.

THE WOMAN: I did try to see him, but they threw me out of his place.
HIS HONOR: Is that so? Well, you come here a week from next Thursday an' I'll see fwhat I can do. Nixt.

BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY: Yer Honor, I want to git me missus's husband arristed. The blackguard dared to place his hand on a lady.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat did he do?

BRIDGET: Me an' the missus had a fallin' out and I wuz a tellin' her fwhat I thot of her whin the blackguard tol' me to lave the house. I tol' him I was as good as the likes of him an' I wud lave whin I got good and ready. Thin the baste tuk me by the shoulders an' put me out the dure.

HIS HONOR: Mr. McGuirk, make out a warrant fur the nar'e this lady will give you and see that it's served at wanst. There bein' no further business, this Court is adjourned.

THE wages of sin are paid more promptly than the minister's salary.



THE WEDDING.



ONE WAY TO STOP IT.

"I WILL TAKE TWO SEATS FOR TONIGHT. HOW MUCH ARE THEY?"

"A DOLLAR FIFTY EACH, UNLESS YOU WEAR A LARGE HAT, IN WHICH CASE YOUR SEAT WILL COST EIGHTEEN DOLLARS."

"EIGHTEEN DOLLARS!"

"YES, MISS; AS YOUR HAT WILL RUIN THE PERFORMANCE FOR AT LEAST A DOZEN PEOPLE."

JOHNNY: I say, Grandma, do fish have rheumatics?

GRANDMA: I don't know, my dear child; what makes you ask such a question?

JOHNNY: I was just thinking what a hard time some poor old shads must have if they have such complaints.



DOOMED.

BOOKISHNESS

THE HARDSHIPS OF THE TRADE OF WRITING.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has been expressing his views again on his favorite topic—"The Trade of Writing," and its hardships. He and Junius Henri Brown take turns in growling about the hardships of the "literary life," after the manner of Walking Delegates in the Glass-Blowers Union, who periodically print vital statistics to prove the fatality of that particular trade and the need of shorter hours and better wages. Indeed in this world of great desires and small accomplishments there is no trade or occupation which does not at times seem responsible for the special woes of those engaged in it. All of which proves nothing about the trade, but merely how imperfect an instrument is every man, even at his best, for the achievement of his own wishes. If the wisest of men and of kings—the greatest promoter of ecclesiastical architecture and matrimony in ancient times—found that "all is vanity," it is not to be wondered at that, from time to time, the most cheerful of men should reach the same conclusion.

TO look at the other side of the case against the "trade of writing," we shall let Mr. Hawthorne first state his own grievance: "You ask whether I find pleasure in writing. I do not—at least not ordinarily. Authorship, as I ply it, is a trade—a trade like making nails or horseshoes—and I follow it the same way. To be successful or to write with enthusiasm one must be able to take his own time, to wait for moods and to write only upon such themes as attract him. When he must write under the constant pressure of necessity, when just so much copy must be ground out from day to day whether one feels like it or not, the natural result is loss of enthusiasm and pleasure in one's work."

We are willing to take his own characterization of it as a "trade," and then attempt to prove by his own words that Mr. Hawthorne and other journeymen-writers have a rather pleasant trade, as trades go, and ought to find it agreeable even when compared with certain learned professions.

To use an *ad hominem* argument, the same article which states his grievance throws light on the grim surroundings in which this broad-shouldered six-footer (who delights in walking twenty miles at a stretch) practises his gloomy trade. There is a "Queen Anne house with broad verandahs and low windows," on a high hill with a hundred acres sloping away from it; the "little den" where this son of toil is confined is a room walled with well-thumbed books, and the writer's "broad desk looks directly out upon the dimpling waters" of the Sound. There is a jar of tobacco and a package of cigarette papers on the table—and "half a score of sleek cows stare up with wide brown eyes as they feed quite near the window." In this depressing atmosphere, "from 9 or 10 in the morning" Mr. Hawthorne sits all day grinding out "long sheets of white foolscap" containing 500 words each—at the rate often of 4000 words per day—for which at the ordinary job-work rates of this detestable trade he ought to receive from \$5 to \$10 per thousand).

Of course there must be "a grinding monopoly" back of such oppression—but the time for the walking delegates to order a strike is not yet ripe.

Then the short vacations which this trade of writing allows should be looked into. "I really work hard," said the author, "only from October until May. Then when the weather grows fine I am fond of giving myself up to my boat and friends and tennis and the really important things in life." From this it would seem that journeymen-writers should next summer be admitted to the privileges of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund Village.

THE trouble is that writers expect to reap the rewards of one kind of life from another. If you go down in the "Swamp" and toil from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. for forty years you may be able to leave two millions to colleges. If you string your nerves to the breaking pitch for six hours a day in Wall Street you may in time own a house on the Avenue with all that implies, or you may become a clerk, in the office you once ruled, at ten dollars a week.

But if you want to make a decent living for seven children, and sit all day in a little den filled with books, and work eight months of the year—the "trade of writing" seems to offer some possibilities.



SMALL TALK.



"OLD STYLE."

Droch.



"AND SO YOU ARE BACK FROM EUROPE, AND WITHOUT BEING ENGAGED."

"WELL, YES; YOU SEE ALL THE CHEAP DUKES ARE GONE NOW, AND NOTHING ELSE WOULD SATISFY ME."

THE TOUCH OF THE BEER-GARDENER.

LAGER BEER as applied to the management of public affairs is not a success, if one can judge by the recent Carmencita Ball. Koster & Bial, proprietors of a Twenty-third street beer garden, undertook the affair. Just what the beer garden standard is it would be difficult to say, but on this occasion the vestibule of the Madison Square Garden resembled a Yale-Princeton rush. A brutish disregard of the public convenience, abetted by a thorough absence of intelligence were

the distinguishing features of this disgraceful scene. Hundreds went away in disgust rather than try to enter. Every comer, having already bought the right to go in, was informed that he must pay another dollar for a "hat check." And the lamblike ticket holders, instead of insisting on their rights and entering the hall, left those they were escorting, and struggled for an hour or more in the seething, cursing crush, to reach the box office. All this was "Under the Auspices of the N. Y. Amusement Co."

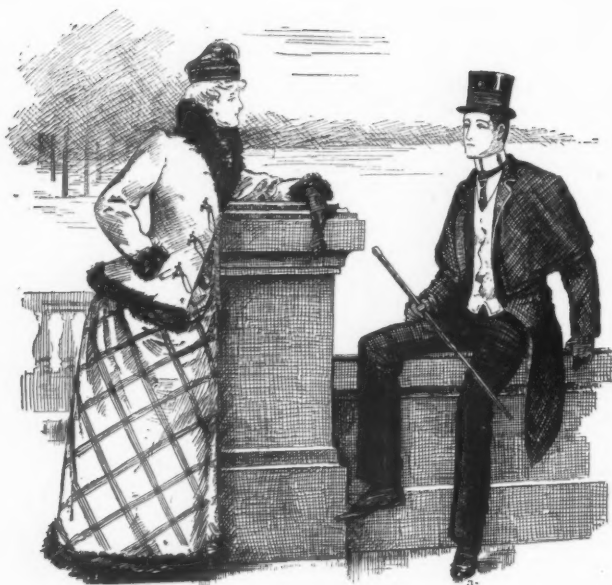


EB 1.
"O, LEARN TO READ AT EYE,
TO HEAR WITH EYEBLINDING."



EB 14.

N TO READ AT SILENT LOVE HATH WRIT;
R WITH EYELONGS TO LOVE'S FINE WIT."



A KINDLY CREDIT.

He: MY WIT IS DIFFERENT FROM YOURS IN ONE RESPECT, AT LEAST—IT LEAVES NO STING.

She: YES, IT LEAVES NO STING—IT MERELY TICKLES—AND THEN, TOO, IT MERELY TICKLES YOU.



A CALAMITY TO THE TRADE.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the American Humorous Paragraphers' and Chestnut Inflictors' Benevolent Association the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously and regretfully adopted:

Whereas, In the course of human events it has pleased the inscrutable forces of nature to remove from our contemplation and consideration one of our most fruitful subjects of comment, and

Whereas, This misfortune has come upon us at a time when the ice-crop is bounteous, when the plumber owing to the mildness of the season is not accumulating millions, when the mosquito is not in season,



THE CURSE OF POVERTY AGAIN.

"GOIN' TO SEND ANY VALENTINES THIS YEAR, ANNA MARIAR?"

"NO, I GUESS NOT. I NEVER SEEN BUT ONE MAN I COULD REALLY SAY I LOVED, AN' HE WUZ TOO RICH TO MARRY A POOR GURL FOR HER WORTH."

and when the jokes pertaining to mothers-in-law and boarding house lepers have ceased to be salable, now be it

Resolved, That the Executive Committee of this Association be empowered to purchase one copy of Banting's Treatise, one copy of "The Dangers of Obesity," and one dozen bottles of Anti-Fat (extra dry), and be it

Resolved, That upon the completion of said purchase this Association proceed in a body to her domicile, and present the said articles with the proper formalities to Mme. Sara Bernhardt.

* * *

THE publishers of LIFE offer for sale, at greatly reduced rates, the following job lot of jokes and paragraphs. To interested parties the owners will communicate satisfactory reasons for selling.

It is rumored that at an approaching revival of "Julius Caesar," Mme. Sara Bernhardt will be cast for the part of "the lean and hungry Cassius."

Mmes. Fannie Davenport and Sara Bernhardt will appear together in "Cleopatra" at a matinee for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Miss Davenport will appear as *Cleopatra* and Mme. Bernhardt as *The Asp*.

One of the supers at the Garden Theatre, the other evening, ejaculated: "Oh, that's too thin!" Mme. Bernhardt happened to overhear him and he was immediately discharged.





WINTER IN CUBA.

OLD SUBSCRIBER: No; diaphanous and Bernhardt are not synonymous terms. One is an adjective and the other a noun.

Sara Bernhardt is tooting (too thin). (This is particularly recommended to London *Punch*.)

It is said that Sara Bernhardt's parents intended her for the ballet, but on account of purely physical reasons, she was obliged to give up that career.

Sara Bernhardt performed the "Vanishing Lady" trick on Broadway, last Tuesday. She incautiously stopped to look in a window in front of which there was a grating.

Metcalfe.

NOT SO SLOW AFTER ALL.

MR. MURRIE-HILLE: You say you don't dance, and that you have scruples against theatre going. What shall we do to amuse you? What do you do at home? I am ready for anything you like.

PRETTY COUNTRY COUSIN: Oh, at home we have church sociables.

MR. MURRIE-HILLE: And what do you do there?

PRETTY COUNTRY COUSIN (*demurely*): We generally play kissing games.

ONE of the most notable tendencies of the world at present is to grow older.



"DID THE FISHMAN HAVE FROG'S LEGS, BRIDGET?"

"SURE I COULDN'T SEE, MUM; HE HAD HIS PANTS ON."

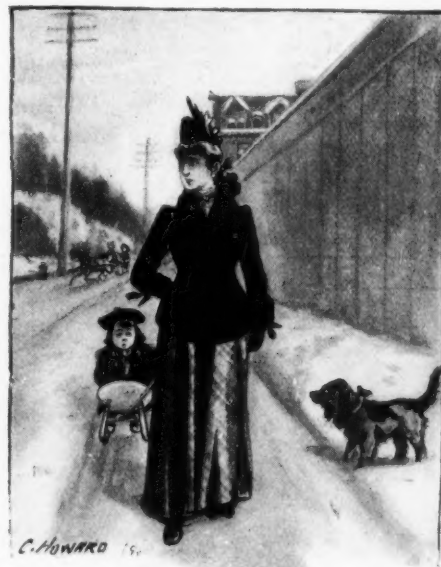
TO MY \$2.50 WATCH.

WHAT tho' the winter's blast be cold and drear,

Tho' summer flies on autumn's gusty wing?

No season's change, my treasure, need'st thou fear,

For thou enjoy'st perpetual winds of spring.



"SAY, AUNTY, DO GET A MOVE ON YOU. RUN LIKE THE HORSES DO."

"OH, NO, FRANKIE; IT WOULDN'T LOOK WELL FOR ME TO RUN LIKE THAT."

"THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ME HOME AGAIN. THIS PACE IS JUST KILLING ME."



WHERE THE FUN DOES NOT COME IN.

TOBOGGANING down on a slippery slide
Is the blissfullest

kind of bliss;
But it isn't so funny when you strike a stone
And land

on your head
like this

—New York Herald.

A POOR country congregation found itself badly in want of hymn-books. The clergyman applied to a London firm, and asked to be supplied at the lowest (Church) rates. The firm replied that on condition the hymn-books contained certain advertisements, the congregation should have them for nothing. Necessity knows no law, and the minister sorrowfully complied, thinking to himself that when the

advertisements came they could be removed from the leaves. The hymn-books arrived, and—joy of joys—they contained no interleaved advertisements. At the thanksgiving service the good parson joyously gave out the Christmas hymn, and the congregation sang the first verse with fervor. When they reached the last line they found that this was what they had been singing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

—London Star.

IN 1819, the whale-ship *Syren*, while on a visit to the Pacific Ocean, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain, which increased every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore.—*The Century*.

ANGELINA: The man I marry must be handsome, brave, and clever.
TOMPKINS: Dear me! How fortunate we have met.—*Exchange*.

Fair Skin . . .
as Soft as Silk.

A Kansas Girl on Horseback writes: "I spend half my time in the open air in the saddle, on the prairie, and in spite of the sharp western winds, my skin is as soft as silk, and as fair as any one could wish—all due to Packer's Tar Soap, which I have used for years, and consider the finest thing for the complexion."

Packer's Tar Soap is pure, mild and curative. A luxury for Bath and Shampoo. It soothes while it cleanses.



and HELIO-VIOLET SACHET POWDER.

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